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CUPID'S DARTS.

How One of Them Pierced Two Unwilling Hearts.

"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!" And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how very few of us really know what we mean. "I engaged myself once when a girl, and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took the conceit out of him and sent him away about his business." The voice was now a little sharper. What wonder, with so galling a memory? "No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with the sewing machine?"

"I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic reply. It was evident by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about her friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject. Miss Kent was a little woman, fair as a girl and plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life, and was proud of it. She was a good nurse, a faithful friend and a jolly companion; but stroke her the wrong way, and you'd find she hadn't in much shorter time than it takes to write it. Her views on all subjects were strikingly original and not to be combated.

"What are you going to do when you are old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment. "What other folks do, I suppose." "But you can't work forever." "Can't say that I want to." "Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man—" "I don't want any man, I tell you, Mrs. Carlisle. I wouldn't marry the best man living if he was as rich as Croesus and would die if I didn't have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

There was something behind all this. I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun, and as Miss Kent fitted the waist she threw me a letter from the bureau. "Read that," she said, with a knowing look. "It may amuse you."

"MY DEAR JENNIE: I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must, however, be one stipulation about my visit. You must say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty years ago to-day I wrecked my whole life. (Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he? put in Jennie, who said so.) So suitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the best marriage is a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life. Your old cousin, Jennie."

"Rich, isn't he?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure whose back happened to be turned. "I shook my head and laughed. "You'll see," said the incorrigible. "See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of the pantomime. "That parties which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course, an alkali and an acid. Don't you think this leaves a little too long, Miss Kent?" "Not after the name is off. But what were you saying, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day, said Prof. Boynton's I saw some wonderful experiments."

"And did they succeed?" inquired Jennie, demurely. "Beautifully." "So will mine. I never yet botched a job in my life." "I don't quite understand you," replied Miss Kent, perplexed. "No? I always grow green, my dear." "Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected. The next week Cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the best thing thought of in connection with that gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man. Jennie told me and for fifteen years had endured misery that few could have endured. Death came to him at last, and now the poor fellow actually believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Significantly as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look it, and as rosy and as fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him I felt as if I had met a man at a distance of a hundred years. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than the bright little woman whom Jennie determined he should marry. "I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that," Cousin Mark cooed the platter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window. "The idea of the same breath, ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me: "Come, let us go to my sitting room. Be at work there, but I won't make any difference to you, will I?"

Of course, Cousin Mark said: "No," promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him. "This is my cousin, Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent."

Mr. Lansing bowed politely and Miss Kent rose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark and I sat down in the refractory implements picked up the refractory, and then Mrs. Carlisle proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the Science Monthly, drawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever a fly drawn into the web of a spider. "Who is that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired in the evening.

"You mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie, "You mean her paper. 'Oh, she is looking up her nose for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?' "She seems uncommonly well posted for a woman."

Under any other circumstances Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only quipped: "Do you think so?" and that ended it. Two or three invitations to the sewing-room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark at home there, and after a week he became familiar enough to say: "If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article."

"Oh, I'm never too busy to be read to," Miss Kent would say. "Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in boisterous with a sudden cold, Miss Kent basted about her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should not forget to his dying day; but one dose cured. After this occurrence Miss Kent was a really wonderful woman.

Ah, what an arch plotter! She let them skirmish about, but not for once did she give them a chance to be alone together. Her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidence until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle, whose fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours," she said, "but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you, cousin?"

Certainly, if Miss Kent would like it," replied the gentleman. The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of that room was a large closet, with a large blind elevator, and out of this closet a door leading to the stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was told that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after proper warnings about the baby and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor by way of the back gate and garden. In vain I protested. The wily schemer took the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we waited results.

SHE WAS A SMART GIRL.

And She Made Him Draw a Big Prize in Love's Lottery.

There was a young man who had a girl friend. He went to see her at irregular intervals. He made his last call one day last week. She had some wedding-cake from the nuptials of a friend of hers, and she was telling him of a new way she had discovered for finding out whether you were going to get married within a year. "I will take some of this cake," she said, "and put it in this envelope, and I will take seven slips of paper and write on six of them the names of six girls you know, anyone of whom you are likely to marry. The seventh I will leave blank. Then I will put the slips in the envelope with the wedding-cake and give the whole thing to you. Now, you must take it to your pillow when you go home. In the morning, the very first thing after you open your eyes, you must take out one slip. Do this for seven mornings in succession, and on the last slip will be the name of the girl you are sure to marry. If the blank comes last you will never marry."

The young man was quite impressed with the scheme. He took the envelope and promised faithfully to fulfill all the conditions, and to come back and report at the end of seven days. He went home and put the envelope under his pillow. Next morning he drew out a slip, and on it was the name of the girl who had given the charm to him. He thought that that was pretty tough luck for he really liked the girl very much. He was out rather late next night, and when he awoke he was in a hurry and forgot all about the charm. When he got home that night he began thinking the matter over and wondering who the other girls were.

He got the envelope and peered into it. The slips were all carefully folded and he could not see a name. Then his curiosity got the upper hand. He took out all the slips and unfolded them. All of the remaining six had names on them and in each instance the name was that of the girl who had prepared the charm. He sat down and thought long and earnestly. Then he put on his evening clothes and went straight up to that girl's house. He stayed a long time and when he came away he was smiling and happy, and there is going to be a wedding on the West Side one of these days.

There is a girl who has a long head. Toledo Blade.

MATHEMATICAL SIGNS. How They Were Gradually Reduced to Their Present Form. The sign of addition is derived from the initial letter of the word "plus." In making the capital letter it was made more and more carelessly until the top part of the "p" was placed near the center, hence the plus sign was finally reached.

The sign of subtraction was derived from the word "minus." The word was first contracted into mus, with a horizontal line above to indicate the contraction which was a printer's freak that may be found in almost any book bearing a date earlier than the beginning of the eighteenth century. After the lapse of a long period of time the letters were omitted altogether, leaving only the short line so well known to all, thus—

The multiplication sign was obtained by changing the plus sign into a character resembling the letter x. This was done simply because multiplication is but a shorter form of addition. Division was formerly indicated by placing the dividend above a horizontal line and the divisor below. In order to save space in printing, the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right, with a simple dot in place of each.

The radical sign was derived from the initial letter of the word "radix." The sign of equality is said to have been first used in the year 1557 by a sharp mathematician, who adopted it as a substitute for the words "equal to."—St. Louis Republic.

Heavy Cost of Salvage at Sea. Enormous sums have to be paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamers when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage the City of New York (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company \$100,000 to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship, the City of Paris, broke her engines off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of \$20,000 as salvage money. The City of Boston broke her shaft in 1883, and it cost the company \$16,500 to get her in port, and the Venezuela, of the Red D line, stuck on the Brigantine shoals off New Jersey in 1888, so that the company had to spend \$40,000 to get her off. The City of Richmond was towed into Halifax harbor, in 1882, at an expense of \$35,000. The list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of salvage money paid for rendering services to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous that it almost equals the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the crew and passengers are lost, but when such an accident does transpire the destruction is appalling.—Home and Country.

QUEUE LOST, CASIE LOST.

Sing Sing Means to Get Sing Perpetual Exit from the Flower Land.

When Gee Sing was sentenced in the general sessions the other day to four years' imprisonment for stabbing his cousin, Gee Kee, no sign of emotion stirred his placid features as he was led into the prisoners' box, and he sat down on the bench, leaned back, and closed his eyes composedly. To all appearances, he was the most unconcerned of the prisoners. Another prisoner who had been sent up for robbery was bewailing his fate. He was a good-looking young fellow with a head of curly brown hair. Running his fingers through his hair he said sorrowfully: "That'll all have to come off now."

The Chinaman suddenly sat bolt upright and looked at the speaker with interest. "What you say?" he demanded. "I said that the Sing Sing barber will be after all of us," returned the young man. "There won't be enough hair left on our heads to stuff a pillow for a flea."

Gee Sing clutched his queue with both hands and walked over close to the speaker. "They cut off that?" he demanded hoarsely, tapping his pigtail. "Certainly," was the reply. "Cut it off short and throw it away."

The Chinaman walked back to his seat, buried his face in his hands, and rocked to and fro for a moment. Then the court-room was disturbed by the most unearthly sound that ever echoed from its walls. Gee Sing was crying. When a Chinaman cries, and there are a few men in this country who have seen a Chinaman in tears, he cries hard, and the sound of his lamentation is weird. The court officials rushed into the prisoners' pen and after a little succeeded in quieting the weeping man. Asked what made him burst out so suddenly he replied that he was forever shut off from friends and relatives and his native land, having been sentenced to have his queue cut off.

"I thought it was only to go to jail," he wailed. "The judge did not tell me it was to cut my queue off."

He was taken away still weeping. Inquiry in the Chinese quarter showed that Gee Sing had not overrated the weight of his misery. An intelligent Chinaman said in regard to this: "In China a full-blooded Chinaman is nothing without his queue. If in any way he loses it he loses his caste with it. His family drive him out, his friends repudiate him and he becomes an outcast. Had a friend whose uncle had his queue torn from his head by an accident. Rather than bring disgrace on himself he cut off his queue. He seized it, tied it about his throat and strangled himself to death with it. So great is the regard in which it is held. We have an old Chinese proverb: 'These are reckoned as the dead; the blind, the leper and the childless,' and the present generation might add to this 'the man who lost his queue.' When a Chinaman comes to this country it is usually his intention to amass a sum of money and return. If by any chance he loses his queue he is not allowed to return, but must always be an exile. Gee Sing has been shut off from the hope of his life. He had hoped to return rich and honored and take his place at the head of his family. Now he must always stay here. There is a society of names in the city who call themselves the Min Bin Tong; that is, the No Pigtail club. They are Americanized Chinamen, and take an oath always to stay here, and they insist the keeping of their vow by cutting off their queues."—N. Y. Sun.

HE WAS WELL PREPARED. This Thimble-Rigging Gentleman Beaten at His Own Game. During a late pedestrian trip a gentleman came unexpectedly upon a country racecourse, and on one portion of the ground found a thimble-rig establishment in full work.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companions, the gentleman insisted on watching the game. "Now, would the gent like to wager a dollar he could find the pea?" remarked the expert. "Yes," was the reply. "The money was on both sides deposited, and the pedestrian, lifting up the thimble, pointed out the required pea, and took the stakes. A second bet, "double or quits," ended, to the surprise of the expert, in the same result.

Then a third wager, stealed the nerves of the loser, and the trick was accomplished with great caution. The gentleman turned up a thimble and showed the pea, at the same time pocketing the stake.

PITH AND POINT.

—It costs more to be proud than it does to be generous.—Ran's Horn. "There goes a man that keeps his word." "He does?" "Yes, no one else will take it."—Atlanta Constitution. "Not literary. Bookish." "Have you read 'A Gossamer'?" "Poorly." "No, I've done it; got married."—Detroit Free Press.

—The New Parlor Maid.—"Miss Allen says she's not at home, sir." He—"Oh—er—really? Then tell her I didn't call."—Boston Budget. "First Stranger—" "Slow, isn't it?" "Second Stranger—" "Yes, very. Let's go home." "First Stranger—" "I can't. I'm the host."—Minneapolis Free Press.

—Frontrow.—"Why do you refer to the first row of the Eliza's than dramatic?" "Stager—Oh, he lives over in New Jersey, you know."—Harlem Life. "Furious Old Gentleman (to new Scotch footman)." "Do you take me for a fool, sir?" "Footman—" "Well, sir, I'm no longer here, and I didn't call yet."—Tit-Bits.

—"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" asked the minister. "I can't tell until I have had him a little while," returned the bride. —Spare Moments. "Ah," he mused in ecstasy, "there is nothing more soothing to the human mind than the sublime notes of melody." "How about bank notes?" asked a sordid bystander.—Atlanta Constitution.

—The National Colors.—Teacher—"What are our national colors?" Scholar—"Red, white and blue." Teacher—"Right; now give us an example." Scholar—"Poker chips."—Detroit Free Press. "But do you understand music well enough to report this concert in a way that will interest persons that care for such things?" Reporter—"Well, I think I can. I've read nothing but fashion notes for a week."—Inter-Ocean.

—Dick.—"You told me yesterday that you had proposed to Miss Coupon by mail. Did you get any letter in reply?" Harry—"Yes. I got two letters. Dick—" "Then is it all settled?" Harry—"Yes. Yes, it is all settled. The letters were 'a' and 'o'."—N. Y. World.

—"Nurse—" "Sure, ma'am, the twins have been making a fuss all day, ma'am." Mrs. Olive Branch—"What about?" Nurse—"It's because they can't have a birthday cake, like the Smith children next door. They think they have been cheated."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Henpeck—"On the 25th of next month we will celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fatted calf and ask in the neighbors?" Mr. Henpeck—"Kill the calf! I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."—Tit-Bits.

CHOKING A MAN OFF. A Mean Proceeding and One Altogether Inevitable. "Let's see," mused the drummer at a Detroit hotel the other evening, "but isn't there a place around here somewhere called Lake St. Clair Flats?" "Yes, sir," replied the alderman in the group.

WOMAN AND HOME.

NEGLECTED WIVES.

Very Many of Them Have No One to Blame But Themselves. "I am not at all surprised," said a bright woman, "that some men find other women more attractive than their wives. In this age of progress and newspapers women who do not live up to the times must expect to be eclipsed by those who do. The 'Hannah Janet' theory set forth in Carleton's poem is exploded."

"The occasion for my disgust is that twice within the past week I have met wives who did not care for the frivolities of life, and whose husbands I did not blame for casting 'sheep's eyes' at more attractive women. The first woman came into the dining-room of a hotel in a western city. She evidently boarded at the place, and it was a really good hotel. Every other person in the dining-room was well dressed. Her husband was well dressed. She actually wore a wrapper, one such as is sold in the stores at ninety-eight cents apiece. It was of a dull peacock green color, with yellow rings in it, and intensified her sallowness. Her skin and hair had a neglected look, the latter brushed back so tightly that two thin places near her temples were plainly visible. Her whole appearance was of the 'don't care' order. The sooner she drops away from this mundane sphere the better it will be for the husband, whose eyes wandered often to the tables where sat other women, who were 'fixed up.'"

"The other case was that of the president of a great trades union, with whom an interview was necessary. His home was sought towards evening. It was a neat brick house, the front closely shut up, and it actually became a necessity for the correspondent to attack the kitchen door before she found anyone. This 'anyone' proved to be the wife of the man, a young, black-eyed woman, with a neglected child clinging to her dress. She was, by all appearances, a born slattern. The interview was short and not interesting. The husband was sought in the office of the trades union of which he was chief officer. He was a grand surprise, as he was a man, not only of brown hair and hair, but remarkably well dressed and thoroughly intelligent. He seemed rather suspicious, but thawed easily under genial influences. The truth is, he had been told that he rarely got home until midnight. I did not wonder. I only wondered that he ever went home. I don't think I would have cared to go."—Cincinnati Tribune.

WINDOW FLY TRAP. How to Kill a Room Successfully of the Treacherous Insects. Flies are the pest and worry of all tidy housekeepers, and how to rid a room of them is an unsolved question to many. This is quite easily accomplished by taking advantage of the flies' habit of flying to the window or place from which light is admitted, and to accomplish this, darken all the windows with a heavy shade, or any material, cutting a hole in one of the shades, over which is firmly pinned a sheet of the common transparent fly paper, and, if possible, have this located at one of the east, south or west windows, from which the most light

may be obtained. It will be but a short time ere the flies in the room will be sticking to this paper in their effort to be near the light. This is far easier and more cleanly than placing paper about the room for them to accidentally light upon, or killing them with poisoned liquid pyrethrum powder.—American Agriculturist.

Cheese and Fruit Sandwiches. Have you ever tried cream cheese and fruit sandwiches? For these make any fruit as you would the strawberries, flavoring and sweetening them to taste. Have ready some slices of bread (tiny scones or slim cakes are delicious for this) and lay on each a thin slice of pure cream cheese sprinkled with caster sugar, and on this again a layer of mashed fruit, and put them together, pressing them slightly on to each other. Cream cheese, either sweetened or not, is excellent as an accompaniment to fruit, and of course is clothed or Devonshire cream.

Human Face Clock. A human face clock is on view in the window of a St. Petersburg watchmaker. The hands are pivoted on the nose and any messages spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through its mouth. It is said to be the only clock of the kind at present in existence.

Consoling. Mr. Growley—Here's a ninety-dollar millinery bill I've just paid. Another instance that a fool and his money soon part. Mrs. Growley (sweetly)—I know, dear, but just think how fortunate it is that you are one of those who have money. —Answers.

With the Doctor. Doctor—Have you followed my advice in regard to eating plain food and keeping quiet at home? Patient—That's all I've been able to do since you sent in your bill.—Yale Record.

NOVEL MEMORY JOG.

Just the Thing to Hang on the Inside of the Pantry Door.

The illustration shows a novel way to jog one's memory—rather more artistic than the good old slate-and-pencil fashion that has its disadvantages as well as its lack of beauty. The memorandum must always be copied from item of disadvantage when a body is in a great hurry. In this case, a small five-cent pad of paper is used, and when the memorandum is needed it can be torn off in a twinkling and tucked away in one's pocket, or one's butcher's or grocer's pocket. If one is fortunate enough to have the mountain come to Mohammed, he is obliged to put on her bonnet and go down town to the "mountain."

The tablet is designed to be hung on the inside of the pantry door or in any other equally convenient and conspicuous place—conspicuous anyway to the housewife among her mixing bowls and patty pans. The tablet in the accompanying illustration is made of a piece of prettily-grained hard wood, with

the little trailing vine upon it burned into the surface of the wood with a hot point. A cord and pencil is attached to an upper corner, with two bits of loops to hold the pencil when not in use. The word "memorandum" or "wanted" is outlined above the pad. A ribbon, with little bows at the points of attachment, hangs the dainty little affair to the door or wall. The paper pads can be renewed as often as needed, and so the memorandum can be a "joy forever" as well as a "thing of beauty."

If it is preferred, a panel of pulp-board covered with parchment paper can be used instead of the hard-wood panel. Then the ornamentation could be a simple water-color design. The latter would be rather more effective and delicate, but not as useful and time-proof as the first treatment suggested. A housekeeper who has once tried putting her memory into black and white where it cannot possibly slip away from her to the dismay of the soda-box or cream-tartar can, will be very loath to go back to the old, wearisome way of carrying her wants about in her own busy mind until such time as they can be realized.—Country Gentleman.

Long Chains Popular Again. The fancy for wearing jewelry is growing apace, and long watch chains are becoming popular again. If the lovely jeweled ornaments are beyond the limit of price, then the old-fashioned gold ones which have been in oblation for years may be brought out for duty. It is not at all necessary that there should be a watch at the end of the chain, for the utility element is a minor consideration. A brooch fastens it at the neck, and it may be fastened lower down and lose itself in the trimming of the dress, suggesting a dainty little watch tucked away in the folds.

A Curiosity Among Colors. It is a curious fact that the color of yellow, whether it be vegetable or animal, is much more permanent than any other hue. The yellow of a flower's petals is the only color known to botanists that is not faded or entirely discharged upon being exposed to the fumes of sulphurous acid. Take the viola tricolor (heart's ease) as an illustration. If exposed but a moment to these fumes the purple tint immediately takes its flight, and in the wallflower the yellow shines as brightly as ever after all other colors have fled.

Twins at Sixty-Three. In June, 1892, Mrs. Harrison Breedlove, of Carson, City, Nev., presented her husband with a bouncing pair of twins. This fact of itself is not "out of the ordinary," but when it is known that the lady was sixty-three years of age at that time, and the husband over seventy, it becomes an item worthy of record in all annals devoted to oddities respecting human beings. The Breedloves are said to be the oldest couple in the world that were ever so favored.

Mortality from Various Diseases. According to the census of 1890 of every 10,000 deaths in the United States 1 is of cancer, 25 of Bright's disease, 40 of fever other than typhoid, 59 of rheumatism, 70 of scrofula, 130 of cancer, 140 of apoplexy, 148 of whooping cough, 149 of dysentery, 190 of meningitis, 220 of scarlatina, 240 of ague, 250 of convulsions, 310 of typhoid fever, 350 of heart trouble, 450 of diphtheria, 588 of diarrhea, and 1,420 of phthisis.

A Student of Women. "Well, I'm going home to quarrel with my wife." "Great Scott! Are you looking for trouble?" "Oh, no! But I want her to do a lot of small favors for me. After the quarrel's over she'll do 'em all at once to show she's made up again."—Chicago Record.

Humiliating. "I don't like that fellow who has been calling here so regular of late," said the lamp to the shade. "What's your objection to him?" asked the latter. "Because," replied the lamp, "he thinks he can turn me down on every occasion."—N. Y. Herald.